

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Lord *H A R L E Y*,

ON THE

Promotion of his Father to the Nobility.

*Quid mens ritè quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Posset.* Hor.

WHILE *Oxford's* Name from Clouds of
Danger breaks,
And *Britain* of his better Fate partakes;
Whose ceaseless Pains United Nations share,
Waiting bless'd Peace from his Auspicious Care:
Of Thee (brave Offspring of the noble Sire)
What equal Labours shall we now require?

The native Fire by Learning is refin'd,
The high Name honour'd by the steady Mind:
Howe'er severer Manners are disdain'd,
By shameful Guilt the noblest Bloud is stain'd.
With *Oxford's* sacred Arts the Sire endu'd
Must see his Merits in the Son renew'd.

The

The pressing Load of Debt, what others fear'd,
 With rising Profit by his Conduct clear'd!
 Nor stops he there, who by propitious Aid
 Far as the *Southern Seas* extends our Trade :
 Where native Gold advent'rous *Britons* draws,
 Gives Strength to Ours, to Neighb'ring Princes Laws.

Hence joyful *Oxford* brings a deathless Name,
 Boasting her Merit as she tells his Fame :
 And a new Race of *Mortimer* shoots forth,
 The Crown not lessen'd by the Subjects Worth.

Who sav'd by Heav'n for *Britain* mindful lives!
 To whose Deserts the Queen just Titles gives!
 Rightly the fairest Honours are ordain'd
 For his known Faith, by yours to be maintain'd.

What made the *Gallick* News with silent Guilt
 Conceal how *HARLEY*'s publick Blood was spilt ?
 Which Nations free'd by *ANNA*'s Arms repeat,
 And *Spain* spreads wond'ring thro' her Captive State.

Who *Britains* Treasures now directs alone,
 Asserting round the Globe her ample Throne :
 Swift to descend on the continu'd Land,
 Which tho' the Seas divide, her Fleets command.

Nor was the Day in vain of *ANNA* chose,
 On which bless'd Monarchy restor'd arose !
 When she the Staff wise *Oxford* bid maintain,
 And hide the Quarrels which her Cares restrain.

You, *Oxford*'s other Hope, thro' Toils may grow
 Just to his Worth, and rise against the Blow :
 By early watchings, and unweary'd Pain,
 Studious for *Britain*, his Ascent you gain :

Whose

Whose high Example thy prompt Mind prepares
To be the Joy, and Succour of his Cares.

So the brave Eagle nobly soars to try
Her Young in the immeasurable Sky:
Now downward her extended Wings she bears,
And hid in vain the guileful Serpent tears:
Leading his Youth she cuts the glorious way,
Thro' which the dauntless Race shall *Jove* obey.

Thus while immortal Deeds the Muse delight,
Unapt to rise, and guide the steady Flight:
Striving she labours her ambitious Lays,
Beholds the Son, and finds the Parents Praise:
The Patriots matchless Fame again she tells,
Shewing to you where Vertue most excels:
Pleas'd with his boundless Worth the Theme renews;
Which the ripe Heir with equal Steps pursues.